FLASHY JACK,

The Potatoe *Man.*

A New SONG.

TUNE—WHO'LL BUY MY PRIMROSES.

[Sold at No. 42, *Long Lane.*]

MY name's Flaſhy Jack, I'll tell you for why,
With my Neddy and ſack I potatoes do cry,
And if you want any why come here and buy.
Who'll buy my potatoes, who'll buy potatoes,
Who'll buy potatoes, who'll buy.

With my natty crop and blue jacket ſo ſmart,
I'm ſure for to gain all the fair maidens hearts,
Mind how the rogues twig me as I do paſs by,
Who'll buy my potatoes. &c.

My buſineſs is done by twelve in the day,
At night like a gemman I ſtrut to the play,
Or elſe unto Aſtley's I'm ſure for to hie,
Tho' I cry potatoes, who'll buy, &c.

Come my good friends here's ſucceſs to trade,
Let's have plenty of jobs, let 'em all be well paid,
May fortune attend you, and good ſucceſs on I,
Tho' I cry potatoes, who'll buy, &c.